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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

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The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a weekly newspaper  
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Every pains will be taken to secure these objects as ef-  
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N. B. There are other persons besides the editor who will  
write for the paper, but their names are too humorous to  
mention.

LETTER FROM OLIVE LOGAN.

SARATOGA, August 22d.

MY DEAR PRESS:—

The longer I remain here the more I won-  
der how people can come year after year, and  
stay each time the whole summer through.  
That Saratoga is a pretty little village I will  
not attempt to deny; that the waters are ben-  
eficial to dyspeptics, rheumatics, cathartics,  
and all the other tics admit of no dispute; but  
even with these things premised, I am still  
quite at a loss to account for the wonderful  
popularity of the place with fashionable peo-  
ple. The "drive" which leads to the race-  
course, to the lake, and to fried potatoes is  
simply detestable; it has two stages of being;  
it either envelopes you in clouds of dust, or  
sinks your carriage wheels in a dire and con-  
tinuous abyss of mud. The brilliant newspa-  
per of Saratoga daily urges the necessity of  
this road being macadamized, and therein it  
has my cordial support; but Mère, who has a  
very long memory, says the newspaper of that  
period was doing the same thing twenty years  
ago, and the only progress which has been  
made is, that the road is dustier and muddier  
and hotter and more unpleasant than ever.  
Indeed, the whole energy of the people, in-  
cluding the Leland Brothers, seems to be di-  
rected to the building of monster hotels, than  
which, as places of residence, no more hideous-  
ly ugly, abominable, uncomfortable, or out-  
rageously expensive, could be devised or imag-  
ined. Beneath criticism in an architectural  
point of view from the exterior, these hotels  
are even less deserving of it seen from within;  
and how persons of large fortune, who live the  
rest of the year in luxurious and comfortable  
homes, can tolerate existence here, stowed  
away in attic lodgings, with unpleasant room-  
mates of the insect species, for whose compa-  
ny, and the privilege of sitting down three  
times a day to a long table with the other  
prisoners, they pay six diurnal dollars a piece,  
is truly a marvel. But they do come, and  
bring their 4 horses and 4 daughter with them.  
Whether the horses lodge with their owners I  
cannot say, but I know that the daughter has  
a little cupboard off papa and mamma's room,  
and that under their bed she lays her elaborate  
toilettes, sandwiching them between two sheets  
to preserve them from the dust.

Hotel architects in this country are affected  
with a mania for building everything up-stairs,  
probably because of all nations in the world the  
Americans particularly dislike this species of  
fatigue. The Frenchman trudges up to his  
"cinquième étage" very cheerfully; the German

does not grumble at it. Somebody told me  
the other day that the Turks lived on the roofs  
of their houses in warm weather; but only put  
an American in the "second story," which  
is in reality only the first since there is  
but one pair of stairs, and you will find his  
wife has the backache, his daughter hysterics,  
and himself palpitation of the heart. But  
when here these maladies do not exist, or are  
perhaps neutralized by the knowledge that on  
returning home, either of the parties can say,  
"Aw—yes—I spent the season at aw—Sara-  
toga."

In the matter of expense, it has always been  
a boast of Americans, that with our system of  
hotels one could always know to a T what he  
was spending, and that therein lay a vast su-  
periority over the European plan. But this  
assertion, if ever a true one, is now quite falla-  
cious. You don't know to a T what you are  
spending. You don't know to a T-enth part  
what you are spending. You know you are  
paying four, five, or six dollars a day, accord-  
ing to the location of your room, for the priv-  
ilege of enjoying (?) bed and boards at a first-  
class hotel. But did it never happen that, by  
a very singular error, you are charged every  
day for a bottle of *Chambertin*, when you or-  
dered only *vin ordinaire*? and that even to the  
rather exorbitant price of seven dollars a bot-  
tle for the first-named beverage, is tacked on  
a mysterious addition in the shape of a dollar  
and a half for "corkage!" If you are a blus-  
tering man you demand rectification, and the  
producing of the "wine-cards," to which you  
have affixed your hand, but not green seal;  
if you are a lazy man you hate the trouble;  
if you are a modest man your timidity gets  
the better of you; if you are a nervous man  
and hate a scene, and fear above all things to  
meet the eagle glance of the hotel clerk, in  
whose eyes, unlike Banquo's, there is a good  
deal of speculation, why then you pay the ex-  
orbitant demand, and go away with a practi-  
cal illustration of how Americans do not al-  
ways know what they are spending—to a T.

I have alluded vaguely, at the opening of  
this letter, to the fried potatoes, which form a  
prominent feature in the amusements at Sara-  
toga. After swallowing clouds of dust for two  
or three miles, we alight at the Lake House,  
kept by one Moon, which combination of name  
and circumstance leads every one to exclaim  
that the Moon on the lake is beaming. This  
remark would be somewhat wittier if it were  
less stale, and if it were not quite evident that  
the proprietor had had the same idea long ago,  
as he has caused a sign to be painted, in which  
a very red moon, considerably larger than the  
house, is reflected in the lake, or rather



be if the lake were only wide enough to contain the reflection.

But what care we for moons or lakes? Our object now is potatoes and happiness. Of the former we get so many that (being fried in grease) they make us ill; of the latter, unless you bring it with you, there is little good luck to be had here or anywhere else in Saratoga.

Certainly Saratoga Lake is a lovely and picturesque spot; the silvery sheet unrippled by a single wave, reflecting the overhanging branches of many a willow tree. The tiny islets dotted here and there, at whose shores little pleasure parties, in row-boats, are landing, happy, laughing, and joyous. Alas, all is mockery! On the islet, which looks so lovely, are snails and bugs and grasshoppers and other dreadful things; and in the bottom of the lake, which on its breast looks so calm and peaceful, the wily lizard winds its way through slimy poisonous plants! O God, may it not be my fate to die by drowning! To me it is the most dreadful of all deaths. I shudder when I think of the damp green weeds becoming entangled in my hair, or of the poisonous mouth of the repulsive newt feeding on the lips which my darling has hallowed with his kiss.

But this is a long way off from potatoes! If I had not occupied so much space with nonsense, I might have told you how they are prepared, and what it is which gives them that delicious crispness, constituting their peculiar and novel charm. It is rather amusing, when on the "home stretch," to notice what vast quantities of potatoes are being carried away for present and future consumption. They are done up in long, white papers, and eating them on the road is very fashionable, though somewhat damaging to light gloves, as the grease and salt will come off, there's no help for it.

Snooks, who was driving with us, said these papers were "horns of plenty-pota-tentiaries." He is a dreadful nuisance is Snooks. He was trying to make it "Plenipotentiaries." The only similarity I can discover between potatoes and American Plenipo's is, that, in general, neither one nor the other speaks French.

There is an Indian encampment just back of the Congress Park, where a great many of the poetic race have taken up their summer quarters, for the slightly ignoble purpose of making money. Their pursuits are still the same; ever marked with the grandeur of motive which characterized them when Fenimore Cooper used to hob-nob with the warrior-chiefs. I always think of the "Last of the Mohicans," and gaze at the man who sells wicker baskets with admiration and awe. He is so brown, so ugly, so immobile, and so very dirty. The "hut of the red man" is full of poetry and other things. His heart is large, and his hand free; as is proved by the many articles which by a singular accident are always found in his possession after a fire.

The daughter of the Pale Face advances tremblingly, and for the purpose of making herself intelligible to the Red Skin, speaks as unintelligibly as possible.

"How muchie sewing basket?" and the soft blue eyes of the golden-haired Shoddia, meet the dark orbs of the noble Aw-fulliah.

"Six dollie," he replies, his manly breast heaving with the agitation which her question has aroused. Shall he win her for his bride?

No. The pride of race of the white man will forbid such alliance; but he will steal her breast-pin, which amounts to about the same thing.

"That's very dear!" murmurs the gentle Shoddia; "no take-is any less-is?"

At this the chieftain poures forth a volley of oaths, and stamps his dirty Flat-foot, which course of conduct is quite justifiable under the circumstances. Already has the Red-skin suffered too much at the hand of the tyrant Pale Face. Any less, indeed! Has he not been robbed of home, of country, of all, and now meanly attempt to jew him down on the price of his wicker baskets!

But the sternest nature will relent. Still gazing at the almost fabulous beauty of Shoddia's false curls, a tear trickles down his widened nose, and in a broken voice, he utters, "Five and a half-is."

Shoddia, who does not want it a bit, and only asked the price out of curiosity, resolves to buy the basket. Her whole soul in a chaotic tumult, as her brain always is. She extends a ten dollar bill. O, heaven! their hands meet! Does his heart stop beating at the sweet contact?

No, it doesn't. If it did, it would kill him. Ay, deader than the door-nail, which, never having lived, is now dead indeed! He presses the taper fingers until he gets the bill, and then he lets them drop as if they were something very disagreeable. 'Tis his duty, for does not the arrogant White-skin forbid all intercourse with the Son of the Forest? But what of that? He has already cribbaged her handkerchief, smelling of musk, which he will keep as a sweet souvenir until he can sell it for a good price.

Stuffing the ten dollar under the folds of his graceful drapery, a filthy blanket, Aw-fulliah begins to carve a cross-bow, and becomes forgetful of the presence of her whom he had only ten minutes before so madly loved.

"Where's my change?" asked Shoddia.

"What-is," retorts the Brave.

"Money; I gave you a ten."

"Poor Indian—fire-water—poor Indian," and he looks up at her appealingly. She heeds him not.

"Will you give me my change, you filthy, cheating wretch, you!" for Shoddia has a temper as well as the next one. But unfortunately the next one has more temper, and can shout longer and louder than she. Springing to his feet, Aw-fulliah executes an appalling war-dance, and preceding his remarks by a war-whoop, yells out:

"Me no give money—me shoot white man—yah—fire-water—whiskey, d—n!"

Reflecting that it is evening; that the encampment is far off from the abodes of civilized people; that the only women about are some hideous hags, who are stewing up a supper for their husbands, and look, bending over the fires, like the witches in Macbeth, Shoddia makes up her mind to lose her change, and get back to the hotel as quickly as possible. She never goes to see the Indians again.

Aw-fulliah still lives. But when he dies his spirit will doubtless take flight to the happy hunting-ground of his fathers, where, with his faithful dog by his side he will endeavor, either by swapping rifles or other sharp proceedings, to remain true to his glorious nature. Finis.

There has been another terrible fire since

my last letter. Two fine stores utterly consumed. An old negro man, who slept on the premises, has disappeared, and the Saratogians imagine and promulgate through their Jack-Bunsby newspaper, that he has or else he has not done one of the following things:

Either he was burnt up in the fire inconsiderately, leaving no vestige of himself, or else he wasn't.

Either he fired the house, stole some money, and ran away, or else he did not.

Either *somebody else* fired the house, and killed or made way with him, foolishly believing that dead men tell no tales, (as if there were no spiritual mediums,) or else they did not.

Either he did none of these things, but is just missing, or else he—or else he—he is not.

Taking it altogether, and remembering that it is quite certain they can't find him, I agree with the "DAILY SARATOGIAN," and think so, also.

Perhaps they will hear something a little more definite of him next week. In this case I will write again, and tell you which of the above things he *did* do, for I am sure you must be as much interested in him as is,

Yours truly,

OLIVE LOGAN.

(For the Saturday Press.)

#### ABOUT VAGABONDS.

I do not know that you have any respect for vagabonds in general; but individual vagabonds may have particular claims upon your indulgence. There are various kinds of vagabonds, though few ever get any place in *Biographical Dictionaries*, and none were ever recorded in the *Lives of Saints*, or in the *Book of Martyrs*. Scarrion, Beaumarchais, and Rousseau were excellent French vagabonds, and have found place in *Biographical Dictionaries*, and they are very good specimens, but somewhat "shaky" in certain points, because very French. English vagabonds, since a group often met in the Globe Theatre and talked with Will Shakespeare, have been very bad and shabby fellows, the only passable ones being among the artistic class.

The truth is, there are various kinds of vagabonds. There is the beer-drinking vagabond, the sentimental vagabond, and the artistic vagabond. Possibly, I am of the latter class. For instance, if I were a farmer I would lie on the first haycock instead of pitching it on the cart. But being a painter by profession, a writer by instinct, and a lover by nature, I delight to be entertained, to remain where I am happy, to wander when I please, and to do nothing except follow my impulses. My crest is a bee shut in the honey-cup of a full-blown flower. Of course the bee is drunk with delight, and replete with sweetness.

For my melancholy vagabond, I like to think of Shakespeare's Jacques; and Jean Jacques Rousseau is my type of an ardent vagabond. Scarron was a witty vagabond, and Beaumarchais an excellent specimen of a clever vagabond. Henry Murger will do for the literary vagabond, though Gerard de Nerval is the better type, being a true prince, and not a mere *gamin* of the kingdom of Bohemia, the capital of which is Paris. It is very pleasant to think of a group of vagabonds—artistic and literary—who were obscure a few years



ago, in Paris, but whom some part of the world now knows as Corot, Marilhat, Roqueplan, De Wattier, De Nanteuil, Rogier, and De Nerval. Roqueplan had a studio in the opera house, furnished by his brother, who at that time was director of the opera, and also editor of, or contributor to, "Figaro." Roqueplan the younger painted many happily-chosen subjects, and of course he did not always seek for his models outside of the opera house. True Parisian vagabonds! But some of them wandered away from Paris: "Marilhat went to the east, and came back a celebrated painter; Corot went off to the country—is now an old man, and famous. Oh the gay days of twenty-five!

I rather distrust English vagabonds, for they are slow, have neither fancy nor grace, and they covet good dinners in great houses, and play the jester without his cap and bells at the tables of English lords. Charles Lamb is a very honorable exception; he kept close to the literary class, and came near being a most excellent vagabond; and there was poor Hazlitt; but he was a miserable outcast vagabond, deprived of the vagabond's secret of happiness. A vagabond without a tough and unflinching good nature, is no more a vagabond than is the most stalwart eunuch a man in the harem of Al Raschid. The true vagabond propagates his kind, and imparts himself to others. Your true vagabond loves nature, knows art, entertains his fellow men, welcomes charming books, rejoices over a good dinner, and never sacrifices his pipe or refuses his beer. Like Gerard de Nerval, his body goes where it pleases God. "He is born a traveler, he loves money but to travel, and when he has no money his mind travels, and he dies to travel." His library contains "a few female contemporaries," and he travels with his favorite.

Society in this country is not favorable to the vagabond. Everything here commands us to attain, to confirm, to establish. In this country, as in all new countries, a man must not rest; he must constantly work; he must always choose results; if he does less, that is to say if he does nothing, he is forgotten, or he is distrusted, or thought to be a drone in the hive of industry. But the vagabond declares the world to be something more than a bee-hive. He believes in the fruitfulness of idleness, of pleasure, and the productiveness of dreams. He thinks that to live is to be happy, to rest, to enjoy, to abandon one's self to all excellent and beautiful things. He is disgusted with the custom of constant work, the inveterate habit of constantly "pegging away" at something.

Do you fancy that he is troubled about "position" and "respectability," and whether he is a "member in good and regular standing?" He knows very well that money and position are only to be had with untiring work or unblushing knavery; he knows very well that men live meanly to die rich. He knows that the heavy men of Boston and the fast men of New York are less at the very zenith of their success than the vagabond when he appropriates all that belongs to youth. Let your heavy men with the heavy banking account pass by, and overwork themselves in the days of their best estate; the vagabond knows his choice and trusts his purpose, and he will welcome Camus and all his crew with

enchancements of the cup and of the amusements. If he lives in the country he will love Nature and be sober like Thoreau; if in the city he will drink his beer and perhaps see other than painted Bacchantes.

My ideal vagabond is a free, easy, facile nature, honorable and gentle. The only sharp practice he indulges in is that of wit. If he paints he is spontaneous and spirited in his work, and he creates a style; if he writes, he is full-flavored and never dull. He does not affront society with the terrible energy of Mirabeau, nor with the mockery of Heine. Mirabeau was too lawless and powerful, Heine too subtle and active for the type of vagabond. The vagabond seldom goes to "greatness;" when he goes to greatness an accident determines him, and once infected with ambition, and once tasting of success, he ceases to be a vagabond. But all the rare poets and painters of the world have known the experience of a vagabond.

I know the great and reverend of the earth forget vagabonds or despise them: but I remember the choice spirits of the earth, and I say: Hail to the Vagabonds. I greet them, I love them, I will entertain them. They are the Light and Sparkling Brigade of the Army of Letters. They are the Free and Dashing Brigade or the Army of Painters, and they toil not, neither do they spin, yet the Heavy Brigades in all their strength are not arrayed as one of them, nor capable of the easiest effort of their genius.

I know a delightful group of vagabonds in this city, but I will not call names, only sign myself your lover and friend,

SILVER WHITE.

(For the Saturday Press.)

#### CHIVALRY REDIVIVUS.

"We see by the LEESBURG (Va.) MIRROR, that Col. Mosby has been appointed one of the judges at a Tournament to be held in that town on the first of September."—DAILY CONTEMPORARY.

A belted knight is a good thing. His casque with its flowing plume is the admiration of the ladies, and his eagle glance, flashing through his vizor, strikes the heart of man with awe and terror, and his golden spurs drive his horse to desperation. When he enters the lists, his armor, blazing in the sun, and the heralds in embroidered tabards, proclaim his knightly virtues to the world through a fireman's trumpet—the world stands aghast, and heretofore unprotected innocence becomes virtue triumphant. Fair ladies shower down smiles on the iron-clad one, and apprentices and others of the mass, gaze in appalled wonder as the moving mass gets in motion, and makes the sawdust fly about recklessly. Who can withstand the emblazoned rush—what strength of man can compete with this most excellent might? Hark! a "bugle blast," and we stand, breathless with suspense, knowing that an unknown one, clad also in "complete steel" desire also to enter the lists and make the sawdust fly. Anon he comes with casque and plume, and eagle glance; preliminaries are arranged, such as finding out who the new-comer's paternal grandsire happened to be,—and whether he happened to have any broad pieces of gold about him,—the word is given, and the two gentlemen gallop madly together, at the rate of a mile an

hour, and strive to prod one another with lances, carried expressly for that purpose. Now do the poets and minnesingers, the chroniclers and historians of the day, get out their ink-horns, and employ some wretched cleric who knows how to write, to reduce their sublime thoughts to paper,—and the soft sex forget their woes for the moment; and one of the iron-clad warriors goes down, tumbled ignominiously off his horse,—alas! vanquished. Then the victor says that some lady fair is the Queen of Love and Beauty, and when the tumbled one says "That's so," the ceremony is complete, and the aforesaid lady is the queen of, etc. All that remains to be done is to unlace the vanquished—take off his turrel as it were—and restore him to his friends and afflicted family, safe and unharmed. This we are assured is the whole process pursued by those gallant men, and the Queen of Love and Beauty goes home and makes sweetly pretty pictures in worsted, and calls it tapestry, and the knight goes off for an engagement in another circus—the sawdust is carefully carted off by "hinds" (or "niggers") and put into the ice-house, to be used next winter to pack the ice in. Perhaps also the knight of the vanquished plume goes off and takes a sherry cobbler, if he has money, or if not, waits until some friend comes along who will stand treat.

We most solemnly and sincerely believe this to be a true and veritable description of that form of amusement called a tournament, for we confess, to our shame, that we have never seen it. But Sir Walter Scott and G. P. R. James and others have told it so well in books, that we know the whole process. We would we could see it! But at last we have a chance. The knights of Virginia meet o' Friday next with intent to try the gage of battle, to crown a Queen of Love, etc., and to spurn the sawdust. We had thought that this sort of thing expired with the Dark Ages, never to return; but we have found out, and joyfully admit, our mistake. We are to revive chivalry and the Dark Ages—we are to cultivate knightly virtues—we are to have King Arthur's Round Table over in this country, and it is to be kept strictly south of Mason and Dixon's Line. The noble and chivalrous sons of the sunny south have made a great blunder, and are anxious to rectify it. When the northern Vandal hordes, base-born hirelings, advanced in battle array, and overrun the fair and fertile southern land, the chivalry proved recreant to its trust and took of the ignoble arms of the northmen, as much as they could get—soiled their knightly grasp with Springfield and other muskets, stole some twelve, twenty-four, and other pounders, and were handsomely whipped. The next time they try to secede they will come with lance in rest, armed cap-a-piè, with their retainers, a goodly band of niggers, to bake the merry hoe-cake, and carry the generous *vis du pays*, and polish the armor of their lords and masters, when Yankee blood shall have gathered in rusty spots on the same, so that they may be admired by the tender and true of the fair sex, who will come out to see the massacre of the Vandals. Then the knights of the south will advance and ask for the champions of the north to come out and meet them, throwing about their gauntlets recklessly—then the northern hordes will



gaze shamefacedly at each other, and will be unable to send a champion worthy to compete in single combat with the sunny sons, because they will have nobody of noble birth and ancient lineage. Then the Northern leaders will issue general and special orders to enable them to find men in their armies who had grandfathers, and being unable to do so, will retire sadly from the field, vanquished. Then we will become vassals, and each man hold his property in villein socage, and till the southern fields. All the fifteen-inch guns will be melted and made into gorgets, and breastplates, and helmets, for the proud and fiery southerner; and we will have castles, and keeps, and portcullises, and heralds, and coursers, and wardships and heriots, and all that sort of thing. Central Park will become a "Ldts," and the land will be properly cultivated—laid down in corn and bacon.

We had some thoughts of going down to Leesburg to see this modern chivalry break lances, but on second thoughts we refrain, as our presence might be unpleasantly suggestive, and a chance lance might prod us in the back, through to the chine, in token that the South is not whipped, but only overwhelmed.

We understand that Mr. Davis, "Knight of the Crinoline," was invited to attend, but he is unable to accept the invitation owing to pressing business elsewhere. Captain Wertz was also invited to participate, but will probably not be there. The rest of the noble hearts will be there however, and much blood is expected to be spilled. Tickets, we presume, at the usual rate 25 cents in green-back, or 5,000 dollars in the currency of the country.

#### A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT

OF THE BEHAVIOR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftentimes offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving, neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not

handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill-manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives; it is throughout pure, uncompensated, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favored neighbors, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we, who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters!

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill,

and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why we, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to love them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging!

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog;" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character, and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly; they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. Oh! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us! That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate



creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory: but a violet should look and smell the daintiest—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage—if you did not come in on the wife's side—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations, they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husbands' confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose:—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony; that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you, by never qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to the kindly level of moderate esteem—that “decent affection and complacent kindness”

towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, “I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. ———, as a great wit?” If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content with this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, “This, my dear, is your good Mr. ———!” One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite as much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candor to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. ——— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like-looking man (I use her very words), the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavor; I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. Testacea, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. ——— did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavors to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had Testacea kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremonies that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behavior and decorum; therefore I must protest against

the vicarious gluttony of Cerasia, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of—

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.—CHARLES LAMB.

## MIDSUMMER.

BY E. W. EMERSON.

Around this lovely valley rise  
The purple hills of Paradise.

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze  
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,  
The argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,  
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day  
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.  
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,  
Just where the field and forest meet,—  
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,  
The ancient oaks, austere and grand,  
And fringing roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;  
With even stroke their scythes they swing,  
In tune their merry whetstones ring;  
Behind the nimble youngsters run  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;  
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,  
And bright, when summer breezes break,  
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
The chickens skulk behind the rail,  
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and fits.  
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,  
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and hum,  
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.  
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.  
The oriole flashes by; and, look!  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,  
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends on me.  
Oh, this is peace! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read:  
A dear Companion here abides;  
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;  
The holy silence is His Voice:  
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

(From the London Saturday Review)

## HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A recent judgment in the Divorce Court is calculated to create a very profound excitement among the interesting people who thrash their wives, and are unfaithful to them besides. For the future, if a wife succeeds in obtaining a divorce on the ground of her



husband's cruelty and adultery, she is to be entitled to an allowance from him of something like a third of his income so long as she remains chaste and unmarried. If he has an insufficient income from his labor, and has no realized property, of course the penalty cannot be inflicted. In the particular case in which Sir James Wilde has first announced his intention of making husbands provide something more than a bare maintenance for the wives whom they have driven away by their misconduct, there was no difficulty. The husband had an independent income, and he was ordered to secure to his divorced wife 245*l.* a year, which, with her private means, would make her total income about 400*l.* a year. This sum, in the judge's view, would place within her reach most of the comforts and luxuries, to which she had been accustomed while living with her husband. Nobody would be likely to deny that a man who, in order to drive her to seek a divorce, is deliberately guilty of cruelty and inconstancy to his wife, ought not to be allowed to gain his end, and escape all but social penalties, to which he is probably indifferent. If he drives his wife away from her home by brutality of this kind, it is obviously just that he should at least not be allowed to make money by the transaction. But the Judge of the Divorce Court, with a strong tendency to sentimentalism which is more misplaced in that than in any other Court, and yet to which he is more addicted than any other of the judges, seems to have had one set of cases too exclusively in his contemplation. He pictures "a young husband who, either not agreeing with his wife or getting tired of her shortly after marriage, endeavors to shake her off." The man begins by treating her with neglect and contempt, "often half-starves her, often beats her, often insults her by open adultery, and ends by deserting her and cohabiting with another woman." Here evidently a mere divorce is just what the husband wants, but divorce accompanied by the necessity of settling away a good slice of his income is something much less to his taste. Or take the case of a man who, after marriage, yields to an irregular passion for some other woman. He may possibly have a gentlemanly repugnance to starve or thrash his wife from time to time. But then what is he to do! If he does not add cruelty or desertion to adultery, his wife can only claim a judicial separation, and if she obtains this he has to provide permanent alimony. Here the husband has actually a pecuniary interest in increasing the gravity of his offending. If this were the whole history of all petitions by the wife, the new principle by which the Court is to be guided would scarcely seem open to any objections. And, in all those cases of which this is a complete account, the new rule that the husband shall cease to be paid for being a ruffian is so plainly just that one can only wonder how it comes to be new.

But there is another side to the picture, of which the Judge appeared totally unconscious. It is too true that there are ruffianly and selfish husbands who marry for the gratification of a transient desire, and then wish for nothing so much as to cut off all the obligations which the marriage has entailed.

But there are also shrewish and intolerable wives in the world—women of little minds,

and violent tempers, and piercing tongues. Men are full of faults, and it would be very wonderful if women, with a worse education and fewer incentives to high-mindedness than men have, were really the ingenious, patient, unblemished beings some people would have us suppose them. One can scarcely imagine a man being overtaken by a worse calamity than a wife who harasses his soul with stupid jealousies or senseless caprices, or wastes his substance in frivolous extravagance, or neglects her house and her children and her servants, and let all things go as they list. There are creatures of this kind whom no sense of obligation ever seems to reach, and whom in time not even a saint could continue to endure. John Wesley's wife, for instance, wearied him to death with unreasonable jealousies. She refused to let him have needful sums of money, because, as she insisted, he wanted to pour it into the laps of abandoned women. She followed him with all manner of outrageous calumnies. She ran away from her husband several times, until at last she was not asked to return. "Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo," was Wesley's entry on the subject in his journal. Yet on her tombstone at Camberwell, somebody, apparently of Sir James Wilde's temper, has set forth that she was "a woman of exemplary piety, a tender parent, and a sincere friend." This is always the case. Bad and odious men get the reputation they deserve. Bad and odious women, always provided they can produce their "marriage lines" upon occasion, never fail to secure an endless number of sentimental partisans and gushing sympathisers. No doubt Mrs. Wesley found plenty of people to believe that her husband was a hypocritical profligate, and that she was a shorn lamb, or torn dove, or something of the sort. Peevish shrews and outrageous viragoes fall to the lot of men who have not John Wesley's loftiness of spirit, or his purity and devoutness and power of self-control. A magnanimous man of his stamp may find adequate relief in saying to the curse of his life, as he said, "Suspect me no more, asperse me no more, provoke me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private and insignificant person." Weaker men, when they find their homes turned into purgatories by the so-called Angel in the House, are more likelier to revenge their injuries by irregularities away from home and by cuffs when they return. This is gross misconduct, but still there is misconduct and misconduct. What would be the most atrocious wickedness under the circumstances and with the motives supposed in Sir James Wilde's judgment, is not so entirely abominable where there is strong provocation. A man who beats his wife habitually is just one of those persons for whose sake the absence of the cat-o'-nine tails from the law courts strikes all sensible men as a thing to be sincerely deplored. We should rejoice to see both Sir James Wilde and the police magistrates invested with the power of ordering a severe whipping both for the navvies and the educated men who indulge in this cowardly and detestable pastime. Navvies would cease to lick their wives on Saturday nights, and the country gentlemen and solvent tradesmen whom the Divorce Court brings before the public would be more chary of giving way to

their weakness if they knew that it would be taken out of their own backs by a strong-armed policeman. A big costermonger was recently seen to knock down three times successively a small wife or mistress who wanted him to go home. The third time was too much for the most fervent believer in the great doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and the ruffian was collared, given in charge, and got eight days' imprisonment. Of course, as he justly observed, "he could do that upon his head." Would not a dozen lashes be far more efficient in such a case than any amount of mere confinement? But when a woman charges her husband with cruelty, and seeks divorce on that ground, coupled with adultery, one must take into account all the circumstances before giving way to a furious invective against the peccant husband, and handing over to her a third of his income. Suppose, for instance, on that memorable occasion when Xantippe publicly emptied upon the philosopher's head the contents of an ignoble vessel, that Socrates had returned and administered a few sound cuffs to his gentle spouse, would men have been very hard upon him for what he had done? Yet, when Xantippe files her petition now-a-days, the judge, on evidence of the cuffs, or of the fact that her lord, utterly wearied out with her fury, has fled from her and her ignoble vessels, and has gone wrong with somebody else, will not only pronounce a decree *nisi*, but will reward her for the many wrongs her poor injured spirit has long endured with such saintly meekness, by ordering her husband to secure to her a third of his income. This, we submit, is the sort of case which the recent very important judgment overlooks. If wives were as perfect as exceedingly young unmarried men love to think, the judgment would contain everything that reverence for justice and virtue could demand. Unhappily, women of the Xantippe species did not become extinct with the decay of Athenian greatness and independence. So long as they survive and flourish, and can manage while still unmarried to affect such nice manners that men fall in love with them and demand their hands, talons and all, the Divorce Court ought to recognize that there is such a thing as cruelty—that is, technical cruelty—and desertion "with extenuating circumstances."

The truth is, that when the case lies between a man and a woman, the chances against the man is every day becoming stronger. Juries and judges are becoming more and more violent believers in Mr. Roebuck's amiable doctrine—the only amiable doctrine that gentleman has ever avowed—that "there is no such thing as a designing woman."

If a man breaks a promise of marriage, the poor lady has only to bring her wounded feelings and bleeding heart into court, and she is sure of substantial damages; but if the lady coarsely jilts her lover, he would be laughed out of court if he tried to find healing in damages. If a woman chooses to say that a man behaved improperly to her in a railway carriage, the invariable presumption is that he is guilty. A wretched youth was charged the other day with rape, and though it was clear that he had visited the woman before, that she had probably admitted him to the house, and that she had watched to see if any neighbors had observed him, and though the jury themselves



declared that she had not made a sufficiently decided resistance, yet those twelve Don Quixotes actually wanted to find him guilty before they had heard all the evidence. The man had not a shadow of a chance from the moment the charge was opened, and the judge had to condemn him to five years penal servitude. People of this turn of mind will not even take a woman's own word when she swears she committed a murder. Nothing can induce them to believe that women were made ever so little lower than the angels, or that they are capable of any folly or crime to which the baseness and depravity of man did not first drive them. The principles too broadly laid down in the late judgment, if carried out without modification, will charm these gallant monomaniacs beyond measure.

#### THE LONDON TIMES.

In the days of our boyhood, we were subject to grave annoyance by having constantly held up to us, as a model of all the virtues, a pale-faced young sniveller in the neighborhood, remarkable chiefly (after his snivel) for always having a clean face, and never getting into rows. For a while we allowed ourselves to be overawed by the fellow, and deported ourselves toward him as though he were a perfect monster of goodness. But in time we found him to be a wretched little impostor,—at best a solemn compilation of buckram and fine linen,—and then, of course, we rebelled, and refused to respect any such "frightful example."

We have had some experience, since, with all kinds of models: model poets, model essayists, model historians, model orators, model artists (now, happily, contraband), model actors, model playwrights, model reformers, model ladies, model gentlemen, model horses, model mayors, model merchants, model houses, and, in short, model everything down to model newspapers. Of the latter, however, we have never heard of but one, and that the London Times, of which we now wish to speak, and which we take the liberty of pronouncing, without further ado, to be a stupendous humbug.

We are well aware that this opinion is not peculiar to ourselves, but, for some mysterious reason or other, no one that we know of has hitherto seen fit publicly to express it.

We have been familiar with THE TIMES for over twenty years, five of which we spent in England under its very nose; and we have not the least hesitation in saying that we know of no metropolitan journal in the world which is so little entitled to be called a newspaper, and which is so utterly unreliable, on every subject, as an authority.

So far as news is concerned, it is simply beneath notice. It deals chiefly, in this department, with the doings of Sovereigns and States, and these it reports or misreports (generally the latter,) to suit its capricious purposes. It maintains, at an enormous expense, some dozen or so of foreign correspondents—all little potentates in their way,—whose instructions are evidently to shape not only their opinions, but their facts, in accordance with the general policy of the paper, which, now liberal, now illiberal (according as the wind blows), is solemnly set forth in its leading columns. To call it an honest paper, is what no man in the

world has probably yet had the hardihood or the sycophancy to do; and that a dishonest paper will, in all cases, shape its facts to suit its interests, is simply a self-evident statement.

A more appropriate name for THE TIMES would be THE WEATHERCOCK, for on every great question of home or foreign import, it has invariably shifted its position according to the popular breath, with a promptness and a facility of which nothing but the weathercock affords us any adequate type. And in shifting its opinions, it has uniformly shifted its facts; always, it would seem, having a new set on hand to meet the new emergency. It is never honest except in the rare cases in which it imagines honesty to be the best policy. The history of the Reform Bill, of the Catholic Emancipation Act, of the Anti-corn Law Movement, of the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, of the *coup d'état*, and of the great American Rebellion, etc., etc., abundantly sustain this charge. During the inception and progress of these movements, THE TIMES was so notorious for its sudden changes of opinion and its corresponding perversion of facts, as to excite not in England alone but throughout Europe, a feeling of irrepressible disgust. The only thing that prevented its being borne down by the weight of public opprobrium, was its colossal impudence, growing out of the fact that as an advertising medium it had become, as it were, an absolute necessity. A statement that applies to several journals nearer home.

So much for the moral character of THE TIMES, which is such as to prevent it from being at all reliable even as a reporter of facts; for whenever it is for its interest to lie, of course it lies; lies in its statement of facts quite as readily and as glibly as in its perversion of opinions.

And now a word about its enterprise. That this has been greatly exaggerated is sufficiently proved by this one fact, namely, that up to a late date it had not succeeded in getting the Paris morning papers in London on the evening of the day when they are issued. Not an impossible feat, as we happen to know, since for about three months, we ourselves accomplished it daily, and that, too (for passengers went through regularly), without serious difficulty. Does any one suppose that if the New York TIMES, HERALD, or TRIBUNE were published in London it would fail to receive the Paris papers punctually every evening?

Other facts, equally conclusive, might be adduced to show THE TIMES' want of enterprise; such as that it has never had anything like a competent corps of correspondents in this country, or even in Canada; that its correspondence from Australia bears no comparison, in fullness, or in accuracy, with any New York journal's correspondence from California; that its shipping list is far surpassed by that of every commercial paper in America; and that it has no regular correspondence even in the principal towns and cities of Great Britain. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, together with the whole South and West of England, and all Wales, are virtually ignored. A man who should read THE TIMES with a view to find out what was going on in the British realm, would simply get his labor for his pains. He would not even find out what was going on in London.

And the paper is equally deficient in many

other points. In respect to the higher subjects of human interest—what is transpiring in the world of science, of art, of letters, and even of industry, it is all but silent. We never look through any daily paper in New York without finding in it something (not much, to be sure, but something,) of general interest, and which we should like to transfer to the columns of the SATURDAY PRESS; but we have wandered, again and again, with the patience of a gleaner, over the ninety and six columns of the London Times, without discovering a single new fact of the slightest interest, except to sovereigns, snobs, cockneys, tradesmen, politicians, and stockjobbers. And it is not a reliable newspaper even to them. So far as the stockbrokers are concerned, we can inform them, from our own personal knowledge, that THE TIMES' report of the state of the funds in Europe, and of the money market generally, is about as reliable as a last year's almanac.

The only redeeming fact about the paper is that its leading articles are generally very able, and are written, for the more part, in good English. Quite as able articles are published frequently in our New York papers, and articles, for that matter, written in a style of equal purity and strength; but the leaders in THE TIMES possess these qualities more uniformly. THE TIMES is often stupid, but it is never illiterate. Our New York papers, on the contrary, have articles in them, almost daily, which are both stupid and illiterate; but then they come out, now and then, with articles which in respect both of learning and of wit equal (in our opinion, surpass) anything that appears in THE TIMES. The uniform good English of the latter must, however, be conceded. We are not always able to see exactly what its writers are driving at, but they always write with vigor, and even when they are aiming at nothing—hit it.

But it should be borne in mind that the object of a newspaper is not to give its readers specimens of good English, but, primarily, to give them a faithful report of what is going on in the world. And this, we repeat, THE TIMES fails to do. It has axes to grind all over the world, and it grinds them, while at the same time grinding the noses of its readers, and, in certain cheerful and retributive instances, its own.

Another, and perhaps a higher function of a newspaper, is to accompany the more important facts it records with fit comment, and, in this way, to do what it may toward forming public opinion, and directing it in the right channel. Now any one who should say that THE TIMES did this, or attempted to do it, or even desired to do it, would be looked upon in England as a dupe or an idiot; for in moral recklessness, and even in moral turpitude, THE TIMES is recognized *there*, at least, to be without a superior. It has always been in the market. It may not sell its columns cheaply, but it sells them, and always to the highest bidder, who, whether he pay in cash or not, is sure to pay, and to pay roundly. Whether or not it is open (like too many of our American papers) to be bribed by its advertising patrons we are unable to say. We presume not. But this does not matter. So long as it is known to be corrupt, and so long as any person taking the trouble to examine for himself, finds that it is good for little or nothing as a newspaper, we are justified in saying that the talk about its being the best journal in the world is all nonsense, and in repeating what we said in the beginning, that THE TIMES is a stupendous humbug.—ED. SAT. PRESS.



## THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

## WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY.

*From the N. Y. Times, Aug. 9.*

The SATURDAY PRESS, whose pages in days gone by were filled with wit and wealth of humor, is revived. Mr. Clapp's hand is still firm on the helm, and his bark has bounded boldly among the couriers of the literary sea. The paper has changed form, but improved; of pleasant shape and size, filled with good news, it is welcome to our table. Its first number was excellent, its promises are flattering, and we have no doubt of its entire success.

*From the N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 5.*

Among the best weeklies of this city, a few years ago, was THE SATURDAY PRESS, edited and published by Henry Clapp, Jr. Able, peerless, and of a high literary tone, it had fewer readers than it deserved, though it stopped, we believe, because its editor was called to a more profitable avocation, rather than the want of sufficient support. It is, we believe, about to be renewed under favorable auspices by Mr. Clapp. The paper will be a fast competitor, in the race of the lively city weeklies.

*From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Aug. 5.*

Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., has revived the SATURDAY PRESS, and issued the first number to-day. Those who remember (and who does not?) this journal, with its trenchant and independent criticism, its able literary articles, its manly notices of art and the drama, and its fearless exposure of all sorts of shams, will welcome it again and bid it God speed to a long and eventful life.

*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Aug. 5.*

Mr. Clapp has chosen an auspicious time for the revival of the SATURDAY PRESS, a paper, which, during its former period of existence, was the most witty and brilliant of our weeklies, and promises, in this first number of the new series, to be even better than before. If anything can help us to forget the hot weather, the present number of the SATURDAY PRESS, issued to-day, will be thus helpful. The SATURDAY PRESS was formerly a sheet of four pages; it now contains sixteen, is well printed, and is sold for the very reasonable price of six cents.

*From the Home Journal, Aug. 26.*

The SATURDAY PRESS has been revived, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., (its former editor,) a theatrical critic of long standing, and well known to the public by the sobriquet of "Figaro." Judging from the initial copies, we have every reason to predict a prosperous career for Mr. Clapp's undertaking. So far the articles have been witty and less weighty than those of other contemporaries which have recently appeared as candidates for public patronage. It would seem that the editor favors the "feuilleton" system. If talent, business capacity, and a host of friends can stimulate the circulation of a new periodical, Mr. Clapp's paper will be a success.

## LATEST NEWS!!

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

Friday, 5 P. M.

There has been no account of any fresh railroad massacre for over half-an-hour. It is proposed to appoint new non-conductors on all the lines.

A marine dispatch has just been received from England, stating that one of the learned societies in London had discovered that the failure of the Atlantic Cable was owing to the fact that the Company had not succeeded in laying it.

Ben Wood, of the News, having discovered on Wednesday last that "the war is not ended," and announced that hereafter he would take charge of it, a subscription was set on foot yesterday to present him with a horse and every other convenience for going South.

Messrs. Greeley and Weed have just signed a contract with a large paper-mill in Windsor Locks, Conn., to supply them with a thousand reams of foolscap for concluding their present controversy.

Wall Street is getting too moral to live. Not only the high-backed old Stock Exchange but the Open Board of Brokers have come out against the Evening Exchange (or Dead Open and Shut Board of Brokers) and refused to have anything more to do with it. "Even exchange" may be "no robbery," they say, but evening exchange certainly is: so they wash their delicate hands clear of the whole concern. Henceforth, therefore, we must look upon the night-owls of the Fifth Avenue not as being "in the stocks," but "in the pillory." Such are the fluctuations of life.

England is getting to be not a little alarmed at the prospect of losing her maritime supremacy. The French are taking the wind out of her sails every day, and there is another little nation (no matter which) that in less than two years will beat them both. Still, the dear old mother country must be left a stray chance or two, and if she can no longer sing "Britannia rules the waves," we may at least allow her to boast that she "rules the waifs."

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September was published yesterday, and has been read before this by some hundred thousand people. The table of contents will be found in the advertisement. The best poem of the number is by George Arnold. We have copied it on another page.

On another page will be found an editorial article on the subject of the London TIMES.

## A LITTLE RAILERY.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Kiss me, Dollie, dearest one,  
Lay your head upon my shoulder;  
Will you go and be a nun,  
When your lover's hand is colder?  
Will his mangled last remains  
Win from you a tear of pity?  
Oh, that other things than trains,  
Took us to a neighboring city.  
Wildly gazed she in my face,  
Crying, as she clung about me,  
"Robbie, in the name of grace,  
Go away you shan't without me!"  
"Why, I thought you only meant,  
Just a bus'ness trip to make it;  
Yet you seem on death intent:—  
Have you stole my heart to break it?"  
"Wherefore speak of death at all;  
Ar'n't you coming back to-morrow?  
Let me some physician call;—  
What has crazed you, joy or sorrow?"  
Dollie darling—low I spoke—  
Don't you know by rail I'm going?  
Ev'ry train there's something broke,  
By the daily papers showing.  
'Tis as sure as sure can be,  
That some accident will happen;  
Likely the first bridge we see,  
Will give way and let us slap in.  
Or, a train of freight we'll strike,  
Or another train run into;  
Count on life, with death so like—  
Well you know 'twould be a sin to!  
Sadly droop'd her pretty head,  
Like a lily rudely shaken;  
"If for life you care a red,  
Stay at home, and save your bacon!"

## DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

I was asked the other day, Mr. Editor, whether you were Artemus Ward, or Artemus Ward were you, or you were both somebody else, and which of you run the SATURDAY PRESS, and who was who generally in your concern, and what you were driving at, and how long you meant to keep it up, and about a dozen other questions of the same kind, in which you and I, and Shanly, and Hingston, and McArone, and Artemus Ward were all mixed up together in such a way that I went to Mr. Depew about it, who told me that he had taken a true census of every Ward in the city, including Artemus, and had no doubt that the reason why he was accused of underrating the population was, that he hadn't put down a high enough figure against Artemus, who, as nearly as he could well make out, represented all the writers within ten miles of the City Hall and instead of being entered on the books as a unit, should have figured there as a legion plus-one at least.

I wonder if this is so.

I asked Brown about it (Charles F.), and he simply replied that it was ever thus from childhood's hour, and that as for the census he believed with his man Sambo, *facilis de census sed revocare, etc.*; and therefore that to bother Depew about it was cruel; and, moreover, if people wanted to know any more than they did about Artemus Ward (never mind the SATURDAY PRESS) all they had to do was to go to Irving Hall next Monday evening, and see for themselves.

He meant to go, for one, and he knew you and I meant to, for another; and he had no doubt if Depew went, he would get a better idea of the extent of our population than could be got in any other way for double the money.

I told him his explanation was satisfactory, and that I freely forgave him—though when I got home I was as much mystified as ever, and excepting that I knew he wasn't you, and could swear that you were not he, and that neither of you were each other, and that it was much more reasonable to call me you and you me than to call him you or anybody else—I had no opinion on the subject, and declined to express any.

Still, you see what you get, Mr. Editor, by having so much of one man in your columns.

I advise you, after next week, to reform; not till then, however, because, as I have intimated, Artemus is to commence lecturing among us again on Monday, when he will come properly up as one of the topics of the day.

It's a way he has, to make himself a topic, whether you will or not.

In the provinces he at once becomes the topic, and gets from the press such notices as the following, which I copy from his Irving Hall prospectus, in which I take it for granted, of course, that everything is genuine:

From the *Sheboygan (Wisconsin) Bugle of Liberty*.  
ARTEMUS WARD.—This great lecturer called on us to-day and ordered quite a lot of Job Printing. We consider him one of the greatest lecturers in this country.

From the *Skowhegan (Maine) Clarion*.

Although his style is different from Washington Irving's, we cannot be blind to the fact that Mr. Irving's style is different from his.



From the *Rahway Gazette*.  
Not a dry eye in the audience. Many could have borrowed money of him on the spot.

From the *Hoboken Expounder*.  
No family should be without him.

From the *Keokuk (Iowa) Banner*.  
We don't know when we have been more so.

I have not much idea what the entertainment at Irving Hall is to be, but Artemus tells me that it will not be like that he gave at Dodworth's Hall, and that his "pictures" are all new and by the best artists who would take his money.

Some idea of his intentions may be obtained, however, by reading another extract from his prospectus, which reads thus:

The festivities will be commenced by the pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Mr. Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads, "Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the House?" "My gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?" "Mother, is the Battle o'er, and is it Safe for me to Come Home from Canada?" and (by request of many families who haven't heard it) "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Munching!" While the enraptured ear drinks in this sweet music [we pay our pianist nine dollars a week and "find him,"] the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the Panorama. This green baize cost forty cents a yard at Mr. Stewart's store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of "The Wearing o' the Green." We shall keep up with the times, if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

In the way of general entertainments for next week, there is little to say.

The most interesting event will be the re-opening of the Keans at the Broadway, where they are to play an engagement of twenty-three nights. In addition to their own troupe—Miss Chapman and Messrs Cathcart and Everett—they will be supported by Messrs. Humphrey Bland, J. W. Albaugh, W. H. Hamblin, Charles H. Morton, W. C. Forbes, J. J. Wallace, Eugene Eberle, H. H. Wall, Wm. Beakman, Charles Hinton, Edgar Post, F. W. Williams, J. W. Carpenter, Misses Henrietta Osborne, Louisa Miller, S. Cole, Fray, Smith, and Mesdames Hind and G. F. Tyrell.

The orchestra, which, like the general company, has been much enlarged, will be under the able direction of Mr. John P. Cooke.

New scenery has been painted by Mr. Grain, and the appointments of the house throughout promise to be of the first class.

The plays selected for the opening night (Monday) are "Henry VIII." and the "Jealous Wife," after which we are to have on Tuesday and Friday, "Louis XI," on Wednesday, the "Merchant of Venice," (to be played but once), and on Thursday and Saturday "Hamlet."

Dan Bryant closes his immensely successful season at Wallack's to-night, dividing with Moss some twenty-four thousand dollars, and retiring with a reputation which is good for as much more next year.

At Niblo's, the cry is still "Arrah-na-Pogue," and the song "The Wearin' o' the Green."

The bogus Arrahs that were in the market are no more heard of, and their authors are wearin' o' the sackcloth.

Counterfeiting plays is found to be nearly as risky a business as counterfeiting money: and just now, all sorts of counterfeiters are getting into rather bad odor.

The next reform in order in the theatrical

world is in a fair way to be accomplished by **MAX MARETSK.**

He began the work nobly last week, and now follows it up with another letter:

OPERA WITHOUT SUBVENTION FROM THE HERALD.  
To the Editor of the Herald:

DEAR SIR: Having repulsed your attack on the new artists engaged by me for the forthcoming season, you have taken a week to search for a new base of operations; and now, having entrenched yourself behind the walls of a "contemplated new opera-house," you open your masked batteries, not daring to attack me in open field. You substitute the Emperor of Russia for the editor of the *Herald*, and the Imperial Intendant of musical matters in St. Petersburg for your humble servant.

You inform the public that the Emperor of Russia has withdrawn his subvention from the manager of the opera at St. Petersburg, who, you say, is probably nothing more than a "German adventurer." This is a very pretty piece of news; it lacks, however, one great essential, *truth*! The Emperor of Russia has not withdrawn his subvention from the opera of St. Petersburg, which will go on as before, nor is the impresario there a German or a Scotch adventurer, but a prince of the Russian empire, general in the Russian army, and a man of such power that he would probably, in a similar case, have sent you to Siberia (without much regret on the part of the public) for your insolence in prejudging persons whom you admit you never heard.

As to your paltry attempt to injure my business because I determined to carry on the opera without advice or assistance from the *petticoat government* of the *Herald*, I will in return do good for evil, and inform you that it is not St. Petersburg, but Moscow, where the opera, after a three year's trial, is to be abandoned; not, however, for want of a subvention, but from the difficulty, even with the Emperor's subvention, of finding, now-a-days, good singers. After you have heard my opera company for next season, you will probably be obliged to confess that the business tact and musical knowledge of a New York opera manager can accomplish more than the subvention of the Emperor of Russia. Why will you not, then, help the Emperor of Russia out of his difficulty, by sending those surplus managers and singers under your paternal care to Moscow, instead of letting them run loose in the streets of New York?

Your story about St. Petersburg being incorrect, the parallel you attempt to draw cannot apply to the present operative situation in New York; but I am willing to give you the benefit of your fiction.

I am, therefore, to understand that you withdraw your subvention from the New York opera! This is really a terrible blow for the manager! for the opera! for the public! and for the proprietors of the Academy!! As a matter of course, the opera, *without the Herald's subvention*, is a preposterous idea!!! As impossible to succeed in New York without the *Herald* as in St. Petersburg without the Emperor! These are the ideas which the *Herald* tries to disseminate. Let us now calmly investigate the items of the *Herald's* subvention. They are as follows:

1st. The <i>Herald</i> deigns to take a private proscenium box, for ten persons, which, at the rate of \$25 per night for about eighty nights in the year, would bring to the manager .....	\$2,000
2d. Ten of the best reserved seats for the " <i>Herald's</i> staff," at \$2 per night—eighty nights .....	1,600
3d. Extra seats and admissions for matinees, and for Brooklyn, &c., say .....	600
4th. Advertising and printing, at double that charged by any other establishment in New York, say \$300 per week, for about twenty-five weeks .....	7,500
5th. For black mail to reporters, roving diplomats, &c.; for being forced to give employment to persons not wanted; for silk and velvet dresses borrowed from the theatrical wardrobe and not returned; for extra advertisements in the <i>Play Bill</i> , and other like superfluities .....	8,000
Total .....	\$14,700

These are only the direct contributions, or subventions, as the *Herald* more properly calls them. Add to this the indirect contributions in the shape of interference from the *Herald's* petticoat government, with orders that such and such artist shall be engaged, though utterly useless, and such other dismissed, though absolutely necessary; that *Traviata* should be given in preference to *Robert le Diable*, to the prejudice of the treasury; besides other vexatious demands of this character, and we shall find that the *Herald's* subvention from the opera will not be less than twenty thousand dollars per annum.

The *Herald*, therefore, costs the managers, directly and indirectly, more than the entire rent of the Academy of Music.

Is it then astonishing that the Opera could not flourish when the *Herald* swallowed up double its earnings? Is it strange that all the other managers who bent their knees before the "Juno" of the would-be Thunderer of Nassau Street have utterly failed? I shall, therefore, in future do without the *Herald's* subvention, believing that *one prima donna more and one Herald less* will be more to the taste of the patrons of the Opera.

Let me say a few words about "the contemplated new opera house." You know as much about this as you admit

you know about the new artists engaged for next season; as much as you know about the St. Petersburg opera; and just as much as you usually know about things pertaining to art. It would be unjust to take advantage of an ignorant adversary. I will, therefore, inform you that the more you puff and herald "the contemplated new opera house," the more, perhaps, you are "grinding my own axe."

In conclusion, if you are still without information in reference to the new artists engaged for next season, and are desirous to know something of them, I should recommend you to pay forty cents currency, and go, on their first appearance, to the amphitheatre of the Academy, and you will obtain all the information you require.

Yours, truly,

MAX MARETSK.

Staten Island, August 21.

You have read the letter before, doubtless, but it will bear reading many times.

It now remains to be seen whether MAX will be supported by the public.

The press, so far as I see, is disposed to support him unanimously.

Let the public join in and the work is done.

I made a mistake last week, in omitting the name of Signora Ortolani among MAX's singers, and putting in its place Madame Van Zandt.

The mistake was rather a serious one, seeing that MAX's non-engagement of Madame Van Zandt is one of the reasons why the *HERALD* is down on him.

The *HERALD* plan is to have the Academy troupe selected at Washington Heights; MAX's plan is to select it himself in Irving Place.

Moreover, MAX insists on having good singers, while what the *HERALD* would have is known only at "the Heights."

A writer in the *CITIZEN* intimates that the great desideratum is long hair and pretty eyes.

MAX seems to think more of the voice.

The same here.

FIGARO.

P. S. I think MAX would make a hit, Mr. Editor, by following your example, and printing a list of the persons he has not engaged. It would be a good negative proof that he has a first-rate company—which, indeed, he has.

F.

Our poetical contributor is engaged in writing a song for military prison use, to be entitled:

"When this cruel war is over."

Several of our political exchanges came to us this week printed on paper made of bamboo. We wonder if this can be a new and subtle means they have invented for bamboozling the people.

NEW AXIOM.

Man wants but little here below,  
But wants that little—longer.

The New Fire Commissioners complain that it is not so difficult to put out fires as to put out firemen. We thought they were the more easily put out of any people in the city.

The *WORLD* of Wednesday last undertook to give the "statistics of organ-grinding," yet curiously omitted all detail relating to its own establishment.

Max Maretsek gives as a proof of his good feeling to Mr. Bennett of the *HERALD* that he doesn't like to see him "in a box."

A correspondent wishes to know why it is that all the old salts go to New Rochelle.

A COLD BLOODED AFFAIR.—The approaching Bull-Frog Exhibition at Dodworth Hall.



(From *Harper's Magazine*, Sept. 1895.)

## SEPTEMBER.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Sweet is the voice that calls  
From babbling waterfalls  
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;  
And soft the breezes blow  
And eddying come and go  
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn  
The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,  
And glittering insects gleam  
Above the reedy stream  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy lace.

At eve, cool shadows fall  
Across the garden wall,  
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,  
And pearly vapors lie  
Along the eastern sky  
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill  
The winds shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmy weather.

The pollen-dusted bees  
Search for the honey-les  
That linger in the last flowers of September,  
While plaintive mourning doves  
Coo sadly to their loves  
Of the dead summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,  
"O, fairest summer, stay!"  
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;  
The wild-fowl fly afar  
Above the foamy bar  
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze  
Through the dark cedar-trees  
And round about my temples fondly lingers,  
In gentle playfulness  
Like to the soft caress  
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief  
Comes with the falling leaf,  
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,  
In all my autumn dreams  
A future summer gleams  
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

## HIGGINS.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY GUSHALINA CRUZHIT.

## PREFACE.

In writing the ensuing pages, I have been guided by no motives other than those which lead the mind, in its leisure hours, to scatter the germs of the beautiful. It may be urged that the character of my hero is unnatural; but I am sure there are many of my sex who will discover in Mr. Higgins a counterpart of the ideal of days when life still knew the odors of its first spring, and the soul of man seemed to the eye of innocence an elysium of virtue into which no gangrene of mere worldliness intruded. I have done.

## CHAPTER I.

It was on the eve of a day in the happy month of June, that my great grandfather's carriage, drawn by six hundred and twenty-two white horses, drew up under the tall palm

trees before the gates of the venerable Higgins' Lodge, and I was lifted almost fainting from the wearied vehicle.

As my grandfather supported my trembling steps into the spacious hall of the lodge, I noticed that another figure had been added to our party. It was that of a man six feet high, and broad in proportion, whose majestic and spacious brow betokened realms of elysian thought and exuberant ideality. His pallid tresses hung in curls down his back, and an American flag floated from his Herculean shoulders.

Fixed by a fascination only to be realized by those who have felt so, I cast my piercing glance at him, and my inmost soul knew all his sublimity. It was as though an angel's wing had swept my temples, and left a glittering pinion there.

"Mr. Higgins," said my grandfather, "here is your ward, Galushiana."

For an instant silence prevailed.

Then Mr. Higgins said, in tones of exquisitely modulated thunder:

"What did you bring the d—d girl here for, you old cuss, you?"

It was as when one sees a strain of music. I remembered the prayers of my dear departed mother when she sought to enlighten my speechless infancy with divine grace, and I felt that I loved this Higgins.

Such is life. We wander through the bowers of love without a thought of the morrow, while the dread vulture of predestination eats into our souls, and cries, wo! wo! Truly earthly happiness is a mockery.

## CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had I taken my seat in the library after my grandfather had left us, when Mr. Higgins ordered me to black his boots. This I proceeded to do with a haughty air, scarcely daring to hope, but wishing that he would conquer his freezing reserve, and speak to me again. For I was but a child, and my young heart yearned for sympathy.

Presently, Mr. Higgins turned his large gray eyes on me, and said:

"Ha!"

After this, he remained in a thoughtful reverie for two hours, and then turning to me, asked:

"Galushiana, what do you think of me?"

"I think," replied I, carefully putting the blacking-brush in its place, "that your nature is naturally a noble one, but has been warped and shadowed by a misconceived impression of the great arcana of the universe. You permit the gerundions of human sin to bias your mind in its estimate of the true economy of creation; thus blighting, as it were, the fructifying evidences of your own abstract being—"

I blushed, and feared I had gone too far.

"Very true," responded Mr. Higgins, after a moment's pause; "Schiller says nearly the same thing. It was a sense of man's utter nothingness that led me to kill my grandmother and poison the helpless offspring of my elder brother."

Here Mr. Higgins held down his head and quivered with emotions, as the ocean quakes under the shrieking howl of the blast.

I felt my whole being convulsed, and could not endure the spectacle. I stole softly to the door, and stammered through my tears,

"Good-night, Mr. Higgins, I will pray for you."

"He did not turn his noble head, but said, in firm tones:

"Poor little beast, good night."

I went to my room, but could not sleep. Shortly after half-past two o'clock I crawled noiselessly down to the library door and looked in. Mr. Higgins still sat before the fire in the same thoughtful position.

"Poor little beast!" I heard him murmur softly to himself—"poor little beast!"

## CHAPTER III.

Let the reader transport himself to a small stone cottage on the Hudson, and he will behold me as I was at the age of twenty-one. I had reached that acme of woman's career when common sense is to her as nothing, and the world with all its follies bursts upon her ravished ears with ten-fold succulence.

My grandfather had been dead some fifty years, and I was even thinking of him, when the door opened, and Mr. Higgins entered. I felt my heart palpitate, and was about to quit the room, when he cast a searching glance at me, and said:

"Well, girl—are you as big a fool as ever?"

I hung my head, for the tell-tale blush would bloom.

"Come," said Mr. Higgins, "don't speak like a donkey. I'm no priestly confessor. Curse the priests! Curse the world! Curse everybody! Curse everything!"

And he placed his feet upon the mantel-piece, and gazed meditatively into the fire.

I could hear the beatings of my own heart, and all the warmth of my nature went forth to meet this sublime embodiment of human majesty; yet I dared not speak.

After a short silence, Mr. Higgins took a chew of tobacco, and placing his hand upon my shoulder, exclaimed:

"Why should I deceive you, girl! Last night I poisoned my only remaining sister because she would have wed a circus-keeper, and scarcely an hour ago I lost two millions at faro. Your priests would say this was wrong—hey?"

I stifled my sobs and said, as calmly as I could:

"Our church looks at the motive, not the deed. If a high sense of honor compelled you to poison all your relatives and play faro, the sin was rather the effect of vice in others than in your own noble heart, and I doubt not you may be called innocent."

He glanced into the fire a few hours, and then said:

"Go, Galushiana!—I would be alone! Go, innocent young scorpion."

Oh, Higgins, Higgins, if I could have died for thee then, I don't know but I should have done it!

## CHAPTER IV.

Seventy-five years have rolled by since last I met the reader, and I am still a thoughtless girl. But O, how changed! The raven of despair has flapped his hideous brood over the halls of my ancestors, and taken from them all that once made them beautiful. When I look back I can see nothing before me, and when I look forward I can see nothing behind me. Thus it is with life. We fancy that



each hour is a butterfly made to play with' and all is gall and bitterness.

I was chastened by misfortune, and occupied a secluded cavern in the city of New Orleans, when my faithful old nurse entered my dressing-room, and burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

"Sassafrina!" I exclaimed, half-angrily.

"Please don't be angry, miss," responded the tried old creature; "but I knew it would come all right at last. I told you Sir Claude Higgins hadn't married his youngest sister, but you wouldn't believe me. Now he's down stairs in the parlor waiting for you."

And the attached domestic fell dead at my feet.

After hastily putting on a pair of clean stockings and reading a chapter in my mother's family Bible, I left the room, murmuring to myself, "Be still, my throbbing heart, be still."

#### CHAPTER V.

When I entered the parlor, Mr. Higgins sat gazing into the fire in an attitude of deep reflection, and did not note my entrance until I had touched him.

His dishevelled hair hung from his massive temples in majestic discomposure, and an extinguished torch lay smoldering at his glorious feet.

O, my soul's idol! I can see thee now as I saw thee then, with the firelight glowing over thee, like a smile from the cerulean skies!

As I touched him, he awoke.

"Miserable girl!" he exclaimed, in those old familiar tones, drawing me towards him, while a delicious tremor shook my every nerve. "Wretched little serpent! And is it thus we meet! Poor idiot, you are but a woman, and I—alas! what am I? Two hours ago, I set fire to three churches, and crushed a sexton 'neath my iron heel. Do you not shrink! 'Tis well. Then hear me, viper, I love thee!"

Was it the music of a higher sphere, that I smelt, or was I still in this world of folly and sin? And were all my toils, my cares, my heart-breathings, my hope-sobblings, my soul-writhings to end thus gloriously at last in the adoration of a being on whom I lavished all the spirit's purest gloatings?

My bliss was more than I could endure. Tearing all the hair-pins from my hair and tying my pocket-handkerchief about my heaving neck, I flung myself upon his steaming chest.

"My Higgins!"

"Your Higgins!!"

"OUR Higgins!!!"

—Orpheus C. Kerr Papers.

#### ARTEMUS WARD ON THE SHAKERS.

The Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd heard tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejitt contact with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin' intellock, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disguised in white people's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swamp't in

the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin' threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the fater I observed the gleams of a taller candle. Tlein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin' individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein' seat to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin' somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" said I.

"Yay," he said.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder when he onderstans his bizness; or do you devote your services gratuitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin' trimmings?"

"Yay!"

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin' I'd be fashesus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no livin' ekal.

He jumt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me on-easy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N. B.—She was upwards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't soacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be reglar."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives dont worrit their husbands. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leaving me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one. I'd met previsy, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you!"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's hav sum fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears," I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that as fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," thay sed, and I yay'd.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin pieter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand



He hadn't no wearin' appearin' on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Seseahun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep again, and drempt of runnin' orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin' strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panful of Billin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddey for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin' away.

As I was goin' threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin' and kissin' like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "my Shaker frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and get marrid!"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subject to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker frends cum in again to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we yay again?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin', as they was to hav sarvices that mornin', so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin' house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like millinery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on the tother. They comenst clappin' their hands and singin' and dancin'. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in partieler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin' his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin' smile and sed: "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv' cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin' his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin' kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want going to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung again, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin' up and singin'? This long weskit bizness, and this anti-matrimony idee? My friends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin' with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm

sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancestors used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I giv you credit. But your religion is small pertatars, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idee, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a drairy fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin' it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yourselves with the idee that they air fulfillin' their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin' about the sins of a world you don't know nothin' of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subject to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin' here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin' well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

ARTEMUS WARD.

### THE RIVER.

I saw a river down a mountain leap,  
I saw its waters through a valley creep,  
I heard its voice through happy meadows sing,  
And then with glee through rocky passes ring:—

I caught it flirting with a verdant plain,  
Then changing kisses with the wanton rain;  
I heard it whisper to a silly plant,  
Then lift its voice and to a forest rant:—

I saw it toss a wreck upon its crest,  
Then fold an infant to its swelling breast;  
I saw it romping o'er the frightened grass,  
Then proud and prim thro' pompous cities pass.

I saw it beckoning to the Sun at noon,  
And then at night caressing with the Moon;  
I caught it winking at the Evening Star,  
While glancing sidelong at the Northern Bear.

I saw it wed a stream of humble source,  
Then wed another, then the twain divorce  
To wed a third, and bury in the sea  
Not one alone, but all the fated three!

So have I seen—but let the moral go,  
It takes all sorts to make a world, we know,  
And while some people like this river are,  
Others are constant as the Northern Star.

FIGARO.

### A BOHEMIENNE.

BY ADA CLARE.

I hear much and very confusing talk about the Bohemian, at present. I had my idea of what this term implied, but I find it very different from the received definition here.

I thought the Bohemian was by nature, if not by habit, a Cosmopolite, with a general sympathy for the fine arts, and for all things above and beyond convention. The Bohemian is not, like the creature of society, a victim of rules and customs; he steps over them all with an easy, graceful, joyous unconsciousness, guided by the principles of good taste and feeling. Above all others, essentially, the Bohemian must not be narrow-minded; if he be, he is degraded back to the position of a mere worldling.

When I was in Paris I saw a woman who appeared to me to be the incarnation and the highest type of a *Bohémienne*. She had been left a widow with two children and a very large fortune. Instead of chaining herself to the wheels of society and following its prescription for disposing of her income, she determined to spend it in her own way. She gave up the large and gloomy house in which she had lived, and took instead a smaller and much gayer one. Half of her servants she immediately dismissed, retaining those who were the least calculated to make a display.

She thought silver but a bait for midnight robbers, and declining to make her house a trap, she deliberately and without a blush sold the immense accumulation of uncouth family silver plate, and installed in its place the most beautiful and dainty china and glass that Paris could furnish.

In opening the door of her house you felt that you breathed the love-sphere; everything seemed wrapped in its rosy beam. Entering the parlors, no chill splendor struck you with its utter uselessness; you hardly noticed the furniture at all, everything seemed so living and natural; but as you took the trouble to examine it, you became aware that the most luxurious taste had been indulged to its utmost extent. Nothing was too gorgeous to be used, all this inanimate luxury was merely the slave of the human body, which Madame held to be far above them all.

She was extremely hospitable, and entertained much company, but selected them with utter disregard to the mandates of society. Any entertaining person capable of giving and receiving pleasure in such social intercourse, no matter whether he were artist, poet, banker, statesman, or man of leisure, was equally welcome. There, all social distinctions of rank and wealth fell down, and the human man stood up for himself. Whoever tried to stand upon his bank-account found himself soon tacitly dismissed from the circle. In her presence, all men and women felt that the world's masks dropped from their faces, the world's hollow words died on their tongues, and the soul vindicated its right to the body.

In these entertainments, sometimes dinners and sometimes suppers, the viands were always of such a ravishing description that they might have brought the dead epicure back to life; but they were never served with any *useless* ceremony. No grim, mirth-destroy-



ing waiters and butlers stood behind the chairs, turning the guests into stone with their Gorgon scrutiny: servants were only present in the room when their service was required, and then they consisted of a couple of smiling French *bonnes*, with their jaunty embroidered caps and aprons.

Madame never entertained more than twelve persons at a time; it was one of her principles that large and troublesome parties should be given in the vast and convenient saloons of restaurants, where all care was removed from the mind, and everything was simply represented in money. She often laughed at those people who inhabited immense houses, and toiled all their lives long in taking care of them, with a view to having large rooms for the reception of company. To make one's self a slave every day, in order to be provided for an accidental emergency, she held to be very absurd.

In her toilet was developed the most ecstatic perfection of French taste in dress, which all the world knows is the only standard of taste, yet she was never afraid to be seen unadorned. She would receive the proudest and wealthiest peers of France in a calico robe, whose cost might have been twenty cents a yard, and receive him not only without an apology, but with more stateliness than when attired in her most superb garments. In high dress, her desire seemed to be to draw attention away from her toilet. She was never out of the fashion, and yet never ridiculously in it. If ever a thing became the mode which was unbecoming to her face or form, she was sure to modify it in some slight way, so as to make it the perfection of grace and beauty.

Her chief delight was in impromptu suppers, where a few choice spirits happened to be gathered together at her house. Often she would dismiss her servants to bed, and serve the company herself. She did not make her guests feel that sensation of discomfort which arises from putting the hostess to trouble; on the contrary you felt as if she were a goddess, and annoyance could not approach her. Everything moved around her by magic as if smitten with the deep, full harmony of her nature, and before the heaven of her violet eye, discord sickened and fell dead.

She would descend into the wine-cellar, and bring up with her own hands, covered with jewels whose value could not be estimated, bottles of dusty wine that were worth their weight in gold,—performing with her own splendid hands offices that a lady's maid would have scorned, and with a simple dignity that made them majestic from her touch.

She kept her own hours, despised mere convention, neither paid nor received formal visits, and in everything followed the dictates of high taste and kindly feeling with an utter defiance of established forms. She laughed at and despised the so-called public opinion, and was so much above it in purity, sincerity, and every noble quality that makes man almost on a level with angels, that it either would not or dared not censure her.

She did not go out to seek objects of charity among unknown creatures, with ostentatious purpose and action, but to those who came in her immediate sphere, she was an angel of love and mercy. She had not the vanity to suppose she was called upon to cul-

tivate the desert ferns of Africa; she was content to care for and cherish the flowers that grew in her own garden.

With a natural taste, even a thirst for luxury, she was able to deprive herself of it without a murmur. When she travelled, no one bore the discomforts of travelling with the smiling cheerfulness that she did. No road was too rough for her, no ship's cabin too confined, no wretched roadside inn too squalid. Her own waiting-maid suffered more from the inconvenience of voyaging than she did. Everything that was romantic, instructive, amusing, seized upon her mind in foreign countries: the disagreeable had no chance with her at all.

All her pleasures, however, she enjoyed with the simplicity of a child, whether at home or abroad. Her passion for music was extreme. Although she had held a box in the Italian Opera for ten years, the first pathetic scene would bring warm tears to her eyes sooner than to those of the most sentimental young girl in the house.

No one could approach this woman without an emotion; her presence thrilled the room where she was, and dissolved the hidden selfishness and meanness from the heart, ere one was aware. Her face was perfectly beautiful; her form would have reduced Venus to despair, and her fervent good sense, quick perception, and wondrous natural intelligence, made her a fit companion for the largest minds of the age.

Having in my mind's eye such a type as this, it is no wonder that I cannot appreciate the definition of the Bohemian with which our Sunday papers ring.

They lead us to suppose that the Bohemian must be poor. That he must take pleasure in keeping his boots and his cheese in the same drawer. That he delights in cooking upon his shovel and tongs, and in eating out of the coal-scuttle. That he essentially drinks very much, and becomes affected by liquor. That he must go about, making himself ridiculous, by exposing his private views and feelings to the public, which cannot understand him. That he must shock people's religious and social sentiments by all sorts of harsh, anathematizing onslaughts upon such sentiments. That he should prefer to spend his money on bad liquor, instead of defraying the just debts which he necessarily contracts. That he should speak sneeringly of women; and that he should wilfully let go the true paradise of the body, by sinking himself into a mere slough of carnalism, turning a blind eye to the strong food that Heaven is forever dropping abundantly down to those who choose to receive it, and preferring, like unclean birds, to feed upon the garbage in the gutters.

I will not accept this definition of the Bohemian. I will not believe it,—I will not listen to it.

And thou, loveliest image of womanly grace, if thou art not the type of the Bohemian, thou shalt be to me the type of all that is noble among women; for thou hast taught me, that in the midst of every narrow thought, and unvirtuous morality, and uncharitable harshness of code, one woman can spread forth the white wings of an angel, and rising above them all, draw up to her own ardent height those who assemble around her; for thou hast taught me how near beauty, and truth, and purity, and passion, are to God!

## "VERSE—AND WORSE."

As nearly as we can calculate, we have received, during the last month, enough of "verse and worse," (the joke is Tom Hood's) to cover about an acre of foolscap. The reader may judge, therefore, how many enemies we have made—for authors are the most sensitive people in the world—by not printing any of it. We propose, hereafter, to be a little less exclusive, and to print samples, now and then, of what we should otherwise reject, in order that the public may judge whether or not we are too fastidious. We begin, this week, by committing to type the following, which comes to us from Troy, N. Y., with the modest suggestion that, if it is our custom, we may pay for it:—

### THE LAW-CLERK'S DREAM.

Dreaming, I sat at my desk,  
Thinking of what I should say,  
If I should be President, and  
John Bull should get in my way.

When

There came a Referee's Court,  
And sat 'round a table, and wrote:  
Had something to do with a Mortgage,  
and somebody's protested note.

And,

As they beleaguered my view:  
This motley assembly of men:  
This word-catching, ugly-eyed crew:  
I listlessly counted them—ten.

And then

I went out again in my dreams,  
I thought I was King of the Giants;  
Striding over the hot, hissing seams,  
(Read up Geological Science,

To find

How monstrous mishapen this Earth,  
In the days of the rumbling Drift,  
When your roaring volcanoes had birth,  
With a high old Titanical lift.)

And, Oh!

I stalked over mountain-strewn plains!  
I handled an army of gods!  
I laughed at the wind-twisted rains!  
Could have given old Jupiter odds!

I

Advanced with a towering stride,  
And spake to my hero's assembled.  
They gazed at my fierceness of pride,—  
They felt it, those hero's, and trembled

For

I belched, in my fierceness of pride,  
Like a mortar with powder and bomb put in't,  
When a low-minded giant replied,  
"That question's ill put and incompetent."

O Jesu! I staggered with horror.  
What meant he, the Fiend! by replying?  
Was my brain with my spirit at war, or  
Was I doing the beastly—and dying?

But, Hark!

A voice recalls me again,  
Out from this horrid transition.  
'Twas one of the squabbling ten:—  
"Here, copy the Pliff's Deposition."

And the moral, that

A man should be agile in thought,  
To leap from sublime to ridiculous.  
If you don't catch it now as you ought,  
Just consult Diodorus Siculus

F. T. P.



**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—The Paris Jockey Club and the Duke of Montmorency maintain that there is so much in a name that the most illustrious of living French lawyers, M. Berryer, is now spending his splendid abilities upon the question whether the aforesaid club shall or shall not be compelled to address the aforesaid duke his tickets to the races under the style of Montmorency or simply of Talleyrand.

That his name was properly Talleyrand the duke denies not; but he has been made a duke by the Emperor Napoleon—and Duke of Montmorency—wherefore he desires that he may be hereafter exclusively known by that ancient and glorious title. The members of the Jockey Club, on the other hand, being sticklers for heraldic and other precedents, as becomes persons learned in the genealogy of horses and of men, maintain that to re-create a dukedom of Montmorency the Emperor must revive the whole feudal law of old France, swept away by the revolution of 1789. The Emperor can make M. de Talleyrand a duke, they admit; but not a Duke of Montmorency.

How this grave question will be settled we do not pretend even to divine; but it is curious to see such a trial going on in a French court nearly eighty years after the night of that famous first of August in which dukedoms and titles of all sorts were solemnly and enthusiastically abolished.

The passion of Frenchmen for calling themselves out of their names has often been commented upon. History hardly recognizes Aronnet in the person of M. de Voltaire, and current literature gives Alphonse de Prat no credit for the numerous works, and no share in the more numerous subscriptions, of M. de Lamartine. Kinglake insists, with a ridiculously monotonous malignity, upon describing the Duke of Persigny as M. Fialin, and the commander of the French in the Crimea as "M. Leroy, called St. Arnaud." Even if the Jockey Club, therefore, should carry its point in the courts, we do not see what is to prevent M. de Talleyrand, being an acknowledged duke, from calling himself Duke of Montmorency with or without the Emperor's help; and foreign nations will generally admire the prosperity of a people among whom time and money enough can be found to be wasted upon so preposterous a discussion.—*The World*.

**INDIAN CURIOSITY.**—A lighthouse keeper on a barren island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence thus describes the emotion of some Indians on seeing for the first time a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine in operation. Your machine is the first and only one in this part of the world, and I don't think there is another between here and the North Pole. Last winter we were visited by a party of Indian hunters; they had never seen or heard of a sewing machine before and talking among themselves they called my description of it "white lies." I afterwards showed it to them in operation. Not to be taken in by any slight of hand or white tricks, one took a lamp and watched under the table while the others kept watch above, and they compared notes (of genuineness) with each other. After a careful and silent examination they all threw themselves on the floor and rolled and laughed like young children with loud exclamations of "Angamoneer Manitou" (Singing Spirit). I had always read and understood that the Indian never expressed surprise. Perhaps this was the first time it ever broke out. No doubt they will spread the miracle from lodge to lodge, and tribe to tribe, until it reaches the last Esquimaux hut, when the machine will probably have the wonderful capacity of sewing mountains together.

**ANOTHER SEWING MACHINE ESTABLISHMENT.**—The advent of Elias Howe, Jr.'s Sewing Machine Establishment in Broadway (No. 639) is an advent of interest, inasmuch as he is known to the public as the original inventor of Sewing Machines. His machine comes with the prestige of the maker's name and its established excellence. He is a

thoroughly educated and practical mechanic and his long and necessary familiarity with the business peculiarly qualifies him to judge of the public wants, and how far they are supplied. His manufactory is established at Bridgeport, Ct., near that of Wheeler & Wilson's, which it rivals in size, completeness of appointment and system of management. The machine itself has merited and received the highest rewards at various fairs, including the World's Fair, London in 1862, and it challenges comparison with any of its class. For leather work, tailoring and manufacturing purposes it has no superior, and we predict for it a success second to none of its kind. One may see in the window of this establishment the germ of the greatest of modern inventions—the original sewing machine made by Mr. Howe in 1845.

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#### ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the Lock-keeper's House—The Wedding Dinner at Greenwich.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FOGY.

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